

# Good Morning 445

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Dick Gordon's Stage, Screen Studio

YOU'VE heard and seen a lot of the Grable girl. Ever heard how she got where she is?

Here's how: Born in St. Louis, Missouri, to comparatively rich parents, and educated at the Mary Institute in St. Louis, Betty Grable (her real name—not a stage name) began her career as an entertainer at the age of seven, when she appeared on the local radio station with visiting celebrities.

Betty, who was recently voted "Box-office Champion No. 1" by the cinema-owners of the world, owes her high position in the films to-day to the fact that she has always planned—planned to be a star.

She started planning in 1929, when the Grable family was on holiday in California. When the holiday was nearly over she persuaded her mother to stay on in Los Angeles with her, although Mr. Grable, her father, had to return to St. Louis, in Los Angeles, Betty studied dancing with the famous Albertina Rasch.

Only a year later she had secured a speciality number for herself in the chorus of the old Fox Film Company's "Let's Go Places." She really thought she was on the way—but after dancing in the chorus of picture after picture she grew weary, and at the end of a year her contract with Fox was allowed to lapse by mutual consent.

Next she appeared in a decorative but small role for Sam Goldwyn in one of his musicals. But the role was a very minor one, and, thinking that absence might make the studios' hearts grow fonder, Miss Grable planned herself right out of Hollywood and into a stage play. Ted Fio Rito, the famous band leader, saw her in this show and persuaded her to sign with his band.

Hollywood was duly impressed, and summoned her once more. She returned, only to find that her beauty and youthful vigour had marked her out as the ideal college girl. Soon the round of college-girl roles began to pall, and Betty gave Hollywood another "touch of the old absent treatment"—as she herself describes it.

SO she went on a personal-appearance tour—which proved to be quite a sensation. Offers from Hollywood studios arrived with every post. 20th Century-Fox's was the best, and this offer included a definite promise of stardom. Betty Grable signed her name on the dotted line.

Before going to Hollywood, however, she got permission to star in "Du Barry was a Lady" on the New York stage. The show was a smash-hit, and though its stars were on top of



Pin-up Betty

their form, Betty it was that became the toast of the town. "Du Barry was a Lady" was still turning away the crowds when Betty received an urgent call from Darryl F. Zanuck. Alice Faye, who was to have starred in the Technicolor musical, "Down Argentine Way," had fallen ill. Betty was to have the part!

Within 24 hours a breathless and excited Miss Grable was scanning the script of "Down Argentine Way"—a picture that was to send her skyrocketing to the very heights of popularity overnight.

The rest hardly needs telling. One hit followed another as she appeared in "Tin-Pan-Alley," "Moon Over Miami," "A Yank in the R.A.F.," "Hot Spot," "Footlight Serenade," "Song of the Islands," "Springtime in the Rockies," "Coney Island," and "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."

Recently voted "Official Sweetheart" of the U.S. Armed Forces, and "Pin-up Girl No. 1," it is appropriate that her latest musical for 20th Century-Fox should be titled "Pin-up Girl."

INCLUDED in the Warner programme is the re-making of "Petrified Forest."

Humphrey Bogart, of course, originally gave this picture its popularity when he first impinged on the filmgoers' mind

with a bang in the film version of Robert Sherwood's story in 1936. He was already a screen actor, but no one took much notice of him. He went to New York to play on the stage in Sherwood's gangster sociological drama in 1934; a year later Warner Bros. translated it to the screen with Bogart playing the sinister monosyllabic gangster and Leslie Howard and Bette Davis in the other co-starring parts. "Petrified Forest" was the outstanding movie of 1936.

The part played by Bette Davis will be taken by Warner's newcomer to stardom, Jean Sullivan. Jean is already hailed in America as one of the post-war stars of the screen. She uses brains and the full range of the emotions rather than relying on good looks and glamour. She is probably Hollywood's nearest rival for Ida Lupino.

Leslie Howard's part in the original will be played by Philip Dorn, while Bogart's famous role will be filled by another Hollywood star of recent fame, Helmut Dantine.

The makers have decided that the picture needs to be dissociated entirely from its original and to stand on its own merits. Therefore, the title has been changed, and the picture is being made as "Strangers In Our Midst."

## Driver shouted for Torpedoman George Davis

YOUR baby brother Stanley, Torpedoman George John Davis, looked as though he had just come out of a coal mine when I called at your home, 6 Hurlingham Road, Kingstanding, Birmingham.

Playing with his engine, he was shouting for "George." Then he ran down the garden and got his pet rabbit to show me.

He is full of confidence, and carried his rabbit about, feeding it. He now weighs 2½ stone.

Your mother was at the washtub. She says she is well and keeps busy.

Leonard is home on holiday. You'll be surprised to hear he is going out with a girl. Bernard, Frank and Ivy are on holiday from school, and Jack

will soon be having a holiday from work.

There has been a big improvement in your garden. Leonard has been making paths and posh borders in it to give you a surprise.

Jimmy Davis, your pal, wishes to be remembered to you. He has just got his "wings" in the R.A.F. in Canada.

Everyone at home is keeping fit, but your mother says the kids are a handful when they are on holiday from school.

She had heard nothing about getting a pension, and said she is most grateful to you for the way you look after her!

"I'se glad to do somethin' fo' ma people"

# SHE CLEARED SLUM, BUILT A SPIRITUAL IN STONE

By C. N. Doran

TALK about Romance! Here is a Black and White story. They have built in a Philadelphian slum area a modern, privately financed building containing apartments for forty-three negro families.

It is named the Frances Plaza Apartments, after a ten-year-old negro girl.

Now listen to the Romance. The parents of Frances were Pearl and Benjamin Mason. There were four other children besides Frances. The family had lived on relief for about five years.

Mrs. Mason managed to squeeze about ten shillings out of the family budget, and bought a ticket in the 1939 Grand National Steeplechase. It was Frances who picked the ticket from the salesman's book. She signed it "Must Win." And "Must Win" drew a horse named Workman, which won the Grand National by three lengths.

NEXT day Mrs. Mason called on a negro lawyer, Raymond Alexander. "Brother," she said, "God has given me a concern for my people. Now, you just take that sweepstake money and build some homes. The rain water has been pouring through my ceiling all my life."

But things began to happen. Cadgers and swindlers came to see the Masons in such a crowd that they had to go and hide themselves.

Their money arrived, and then the Masons came out of their hiding and started not only Philadelphia but all America with an act that deserved a monument.

The Federal Treasury put in a claim on the money for 55,000 dollars. The claim was paid, and the balance went into a new bank account, which the Masons had never had before. But they drew a cheque from the new bank account and marched, Pa and Ma and Frances, to the Department of Public Assistance. They handed the cheque across the counter, and Mrs. Pearl Mason spoke up.

"We hab come," she said, "to pay our relief bill, and heah is de cheque."

The cheque was for 2,000-odd dollars.

The officials recovered and mopped their brows. They said it would take a long time to work out the exact amount. But Mrs. Mason was ready for that. She produced a list giving the amounts of relief for the entire period.

After some time the officials worked it all out and found she was correct. They accepted the cheque with a kind of bewildered thanks. The story flew across the continent.

But Mrs. Pearl Mason, negress and Christian, had only begun. She called on a pawnbroker who had taken her pots and pans as security for loans, and gave him a 300-dollar cheque. The pawnbroker nearly died of excitement, for he had written his loans off as loss.

Mrs. Pearl Mason then went to butchers, bakers, and other tradesmen, and did the same thing. They all (nearly) collapsed in agitation. Such honesty had never been heard of in U.S.A.

Finally, Mrs. Mason (along with Benjamin always, of

course) called on a negro architect and asked if he could build a block of apartments for "her people." She said the kind of flats she wanted—modern, weatherproof, good—and cheap rents.

Now, a negro architect had never done this sort of thing before. Mrs. Mason had struck a snag. But she went to her lawyer again, and he put her in touch with a white architect. The main point was to get a site. There weren't many sites in Philadelphia.

But they bought up an apartment site, and paid through the nose for it. Then the building began. It was to be done by negro labour.

But at the end of three months the labour hadn't got beyond the foundations. There were other troubles. White labour was brought in. And then more trouble. It seemed as if Mrs. Mason had walked into a forest of trouble because she wanted to do kind acts.

A local body tried to stop the erection of the apartments because of some "amenities." They didn't stop the work, but they delayed it. Claims from unexpected quarters poured in. They were met or opposed.

All this time the money was going out. It was found that when all expenses were met Mrs. Mason had only 70,000 dollars left, and that wouldn't do the job.

Applications were made to building companies for loans, offering security. The white companies declined to loan. But one of the local authorities

They that approve a private opinion, call it opinion; but they that mislike it, heresy; and yet heresy signifies no more than private opinion.

Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679).

got into touch with Washington and tried to interest a Government Department. The Department started to investigate to make sure. That also took time.

Ultimately the block of flats was erected. They were nice flats. Their rents had to be higher than Mrs. Mason wanted, but that was because of the borrowing required. There was a great ceremony at the opening.

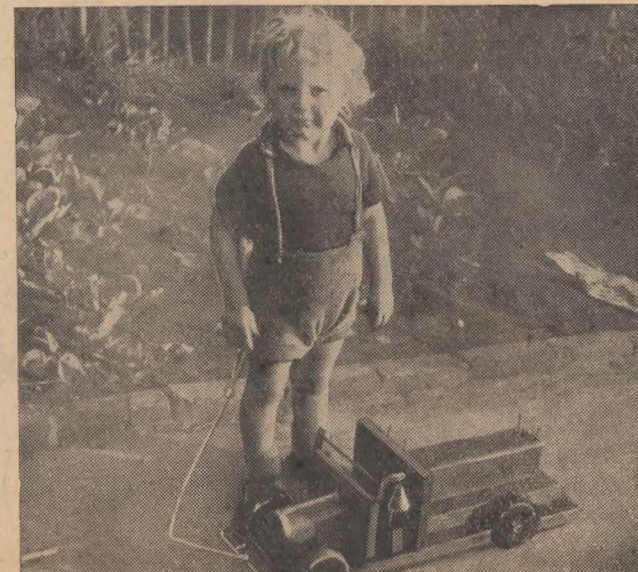
There is a basement for a playground for the children. There is a grass courtyard for a playground, and a fountain. Thousands of people wanted to get into the flats as tenants, but there were only forty-three flats.

Even white people wanted to get in; but that was not the object of the apartments.

Mrs. Pearl Mason and Benjamin were present at the opening. There were eloquent speeches by prominent people. But the best speech of all, maybe, was that of Mrs. Mason, who stood up and said simply:

"I'se glad them apartments are built. I wanted to do something fo' ma people."

The crowd—Her People, and the whites, too—cheered.



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# PADRE TELLS TALE

WHEN the doctor had finished his preparations, he stood up in the middle of the car, took the two pieces of coal in either hand, and made the two points meet.

An intense and dazzling light was immediately produced, and literally scattered the darkness.

Fergusson threw his powerful ray of light on every side, and stopped it on a place from whence cries of fear came. His two companions looked eagerly at it.

The baobab, above which the Victoria hung nearly immovable, stood in the midst of a clearing; amongst the fields of sugar-canes about fifty low huts of a conical shape could be distinguished.

Around them a numerous tribe was collected. About a hundred feet below the balloon a stake was fixed. At its foot lay a young man of thirty at the most, with long black hair, half-naked, covered with bleeding wounds, and his head laying on his breast like that of Christ on the cross. His hair was quite short on the top of his head, and showed where a tonsure had been.

It is a missionary priest!" cried Joe.

## "He Lives"

When the crowd of negroes saw the balloon, looking like an enormous comet with its tail of dazzling light, their fright can easily be conceived. When they cried out, the prisoner raised his head.

His eyes shone with a ray of hope, and, although he did not understand what was happening, he stretched out his arms towards his unhopd-for saviours.

"He lives! he lives!" cried Fergusson. "God be praised, The savages are in a tremendous fright! We will save him! Are you ready, my friends?"

The doctor's order was obeyed. A scarcely perceptible breeze drove the Victoria above the prisoner, and under the contraction of the gas it was insensibly lowered. For about ten minutes it remained floating in the midst of its luminous waves. The negroes disappeared into their huts, and solitude reigned round the stake.

The car neared the ground. A few negroes, bolder than the rest, understanding that their victim was about to escape them, came back with loud shouts. Kennedy took his gun, but the doctor ordered him not to fire. The priest was kneeling, for he was no longer strong enough to stand; he was not even tied to the stake, for his feebleness made it unnecessary.

As the car touched the ground, the hunter threw down the gun, seized the priest round the body and drew him into the car, whilst at the same instant Joe quickly

threw out the 200 lbs. of ballast. The doctor expected to mount with extreme rapidity, but, contrary to his expectation, the balloon, after rising two or three feet from the ground, stopped quite still.

"What is keeping us down?" he cried in accents of terror.

A few savages ran up, uttering ferocious cries.

"Oh," cried Joe, leaning out, "one of those wretched niggers is holding on to the car!"

"Dick! Dick! the water cask!" cried the doctor.

Dick understood his friend's thought, and raising one of the water-casks that weighed more than 100 lbs. he pitched it over the side. The Victoria, suddenly unballasted, bounded up 300 feet, amidst the howling of the negroes, from whom the prisoner was escaping in a ray of dazzling light.

## Into Space

All at once the balloon bounded up to the height of 1,000 feet.

"Whatever was that?" asked Kennedy who had almost lost his balance.

"That rascal has let go, that's all," answered Fergusson, quietly.

Joe leaned out quickly, and saw the savage, with arms stretched out, turning over into space, and at last dashed to pieces on the ground.

The doctor then separated the two electric wires, and the darkness became profound. It was one a.m. The fainting Frenchman then opened his eyes.

"Vous êtes sauvé!" ("You are saved!") said the doctor to him.

"Yes, saved from a cruel death," he answered, in English.

"My brethren, I thank you, but my days, and even hours, are counted; I have a very short time to live now."

And the exhausted missionary again lost consciousness.

"He is dying!" said Dick.

"No," answered Fergusson, leaning down to him, "but he is very weak; let us lay him down under the tent."

They laid down the poor thin body—covered with scars and bleeding wounds, where fire and iron had left their painful traces in twenty places—upon their rugs. The doctor made some lint of his handkerchief, and spread it on the wounds, after he had washed them; he did it with a surgeon's skill; then, taking a cordial from his medicine-chest, he poured a few drops on the lips of the priest, who uttered a feeble "Thank you." The doctor saw that he must be left in perfect quiet; he drew the curtains of the tent, and soon came back to guide the balloon.

The Victoria had been unballasted to the extent of 180 lbs. the weight of the priest supplying the rest; it was therefore kept up without the aid of the hydrogen apparatus. At the first streaks of daylight a current was impelling it softly towards the

## FIVE WEEKS

IN A

## BALLOON

By Jules Verne

Part XI

W.N.W. Fergusson then went to look at the priest asleep.

"Pray Heaven we may save the companion it has sent us!" said the hunter.

THE next day, in the morning, the Victoria had slightly drifted westward; the weather promised to be pure and magnificent.

The patient could speak to his new friends in stronger accents. They raised the curtains of the tent, and he breathed the pure fresh morning air with delight.

"How do you feel now?" Dr. Fergusson asked him.

"A little better," he answered.

"But you, my friends—I seem only to have seen you in a dream as yet. Who are you? I want to remember your names in my last prayer."

"We are English travellers," answered Fergusson. "We are trying to cross Africa in a balloon, and on the way we have had the pleasure of saving you."

"Science has its heroes," said the missionary.

"And religion its martyrs," answered the Scotchman.

## Heaven Sent

"Are you a missionary?" asked the doctor.

"I am a priest of the Lazarist order. Heaven has sent you to me. Heaven be praised! The sacrifice of my life was made! But you are from Europe. Speak to me of Europe—of France! I have heard no news of it for five years."

"Five years, alone, amongst those savages?" cried Kennedy.

"They are souls to be saved," answered the young priest,



The steer-riding Army Nurse from the cattle State of Texas, where they do this sort of thing for their own amusement. She rode this British beef at an East Anglian rodeo, and quite a lot of her countrymen turned up to give a show. Lonny Harvard, another Texan, was over Germany that afternoon, as an air-gunner. When he got back he lit out for the rodeo.

## WANGLING WORDS—384

1. Put a plant in BED and have it cleaned.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Fo arce liwi nad race atek fo eht cenep kate nopuds sheitsevem het.*
3. In the following three dwellings the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? V4335, C6775GE, M52S462.
4. Find the two hidden kings of England in: *How ill I am feeling! Do thou step hence for the doctor.*

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 383

1. StartER.
2. A little help is worth a lot of pity.
3. Apple, Grape, Pear.
4. M-a-hel, Ed-na.

## JANE

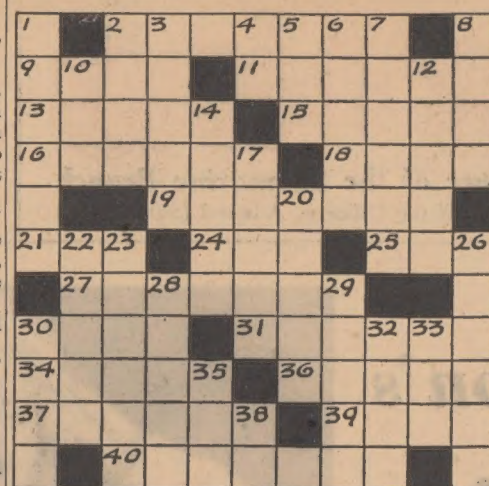
THE CANTEN CONCERT...



WE SELL YOU BEER, BOTH THICK AND CLEAR, AND FAGS OF CURIOUS BRAND, AND TEA OR CAFE A LA NAAFI AND SOUPS SUPERBLY CANNED! AND SOAP AND STAMPS AND SHAVING STICKS AND EV'RYTHING WORTH WHILE-FROM MORN TO E'EN IN OUR CANTEN IT'S SERVICE WITH A SMILE!



## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Lamentations.
- 9 Wind instrument.
- 11 Fodder.
- 13 Mixed dish.
- 15 Mother-of-pearl.
- 16 Boy's name.
- 18 Lash.
- 19 Empowered.
- 21 Drive down.
- 24 Antelope.
- 25 Golf mound.
- 27 Zealot.
- 30 Skin.
- 31 Mud.
- 34 Sort of iris.
- 36 Feature.
- 37 Hound.
- 39 Climber's stem.
- 40 Timidity.

ASPECT BASS  
LOON HURDLE  
MORALE AVID  
STEM MINIMA  
HE EVER C I  
BELLE OBESE  
L A TUNE H  
UPSHOT ROAD  
FUSE TWELVE  
FRIEZE PIECE  
SEED RETORT

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Encourage.
- 2 Rod.
- 3 Quit.
- 4 Supposing.
- 5 Want of.
- 6 Net.
- 7 Perfume bag.
- 8 Intense.
- 10 Obstruct.
- 12 Grate.
- 14 Gully.
- 17 Speaks noisily.
- 20 Erected.
- 22 Burning.
- 23 Indian Province.
- 26 Devonshire town.
- 28 Whimpy.
- 29 Restrains.
- 30 Tramp.
- 32 Platform.
- 33 Trap.
- 35 Artful.
- 38 Half em.

"ignorant and savage brethren whom religion may instruct and civilise."

According to the desire of the missionary, Fergusson told him much about France. He listened with avidity, and the tears streamed from his eyes. The poor young man took the hands of Kennedy and Joe and pressed them between his burning palms. The doctor made him some tea, which he drank with pleasure; he was then strong enough to sit up and smile to see himself borne along in the pure air.

The weakness of the young priest then became so great that they were obliged to lay him down again. He lay for several hours prostrate, almost dead, in Fergusson's hands. The doctor saw that life was ebbing, and asked himself if he would not quickly lose the existence he had saved. He again dressed the horrible wounds of the martyr, and was obliged to sacrifice the greater part of his provision of water to refresh his burning limbs. He surrounded him with the most tender and intelligent care. The sick man came back to life by degrees in his arms, and in broken accents he told the doctor his story.

He was residing amongst the tribe of Nyam-Nyam, called the Barafri, one of the most savage. The chief had died a few days before, and his unexpected death was set down to the priest; they resolved to immolate him; his agony had already lasted forty-eight hours; as the doctor had supposed, he was to die under the noonday sun.

## No Dream

When he heard the firearms he instinctively cried "A moi! a moi!" Then he thought he had been dreaming, till words of consolation fell from the sky.

"I do not regret my existence," he said; "my life is God's!"

The day passed between hope and fear; Kennedy was much moved, and Joe turned away to

wipe his eyes. The Victoria was making very little way; the wind seemed to temper itself to its precious burden.

Joe, towards evening, signalled an immense light in the west. The sky appeared on fire. The doctor attentively examined the phenomenon.

"It cannot be anything but a volcano in a state of eruption," said he.

Three hours afterwards, the Victoria was amongst the mountains; its exact position was in longitude 24° 15' by latitude 4° 42'; before it a crater was throwing out streams of melted lava, and threw pieces of rock to a great elevation; the liquid fire fell in dazzling cascades.

It was a magnificent yet dangerous spectacle, for the wind was sending the balloon in a fixed direction towards the fiery atmosphere.

The sides of the mountain were covered with a carpet of flames; the lower half of the balloon shone in the night; the torrid heat reached even the car, and Dr. Fergusson wanted to fly from the perilous situation as quickly as possible. Towards ten p.m. the mountain only appeared as a red spot on the horizon, and the Victoria could tranquilly pursue its journey in a less elevated zone.

(To be continued)

## QUIZ for today

1. A rhesus is a Jewish vestment, African hut, Indian monkey, Greek coin, Egyptian weight?
2. How many precious stones can you think of beginning with T?
3. In what part of the world does the sun always rise and set at six o'clock?
4. In what game is the term "rocket" used?
5. What is the lightest known wood?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Reviver, Reviser, Revival, Revisor, Revivor, Revisory.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 444

1. Surplice.
2. Shakespeare, Scott, Shelley, Swinburne, Southey, Suckling, Spenser, Stevenson, etc.
3. Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, Red.
4. Stephen.
5. Brimstone and Treacle, Moody and Sankey, Gilbert and Sullivan, Ross and Cromarty.
6. Pellagar.



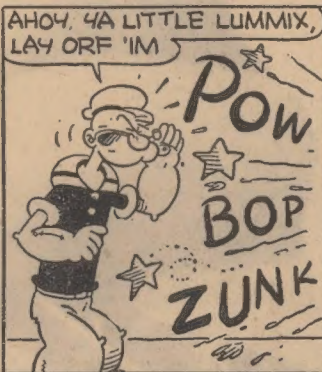
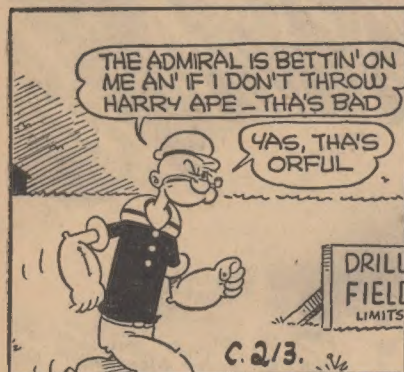
## BEELZEBUB JONES



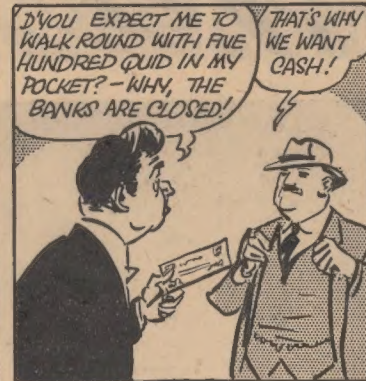
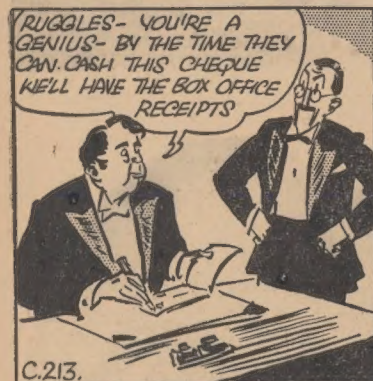
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE

Free Performances  
brought Cash

PHIL SILVERS is in steady demand for top comedy roles. At the present moment he has a featured comedy part in "Cover Girl."

But it wasn't so long ago that, although producers considered him the funniest comedian in Hollywood—they never thought of giving him a job.

He was brought to Hollywood by one studio, but in the full year that he was under contract the only movie work which the comedian did was to test for a minor role. He didn't get the part.

For a full year everyone on the lot answered his pleas for work with the phrase, "Remember Nelson Eddy." It had taken Eddy three years of sitting around before he got his first role.

"I just couldn't sit around and let the termites get at me," Phil said. "Some of the producers used to invite me to go to the races and night clubs with them because I made them laugh. That was flattering, after a fashion, but it was a very limited audience."

"I was drawing a pay-check every week, but I felt like an embezzler every time the cashier came around. I decided then that if I could be paid for not working I could afford to work for nothing on the side."

Just to keep from getting mossbacked, Phil let it be known that he was open for any and all benefits. Then began one of the busiest periods of Phil Silver's life—and all without pay. He didn't even wait to be asked to donate his services for benefits. If he wasn't invited, he showed up anyhow and found his way on to the programme.

Hollywood's elite came to regard him as an integral part of every benefit programme. Stars and producers, by voluble acclaim, elevated Phil to the rank of master of ceremonies at most of these affairs. They laughed themselves silly at his routines. They applauded him until their hands hurt. Phil wore himself out displaying his entertainment wares to the people who count in Hollywood. But none of them—not even the studio which had him under contract—thought of using his talent in a picture.

"Maybe the idea of using me in a picture was a little too obvious," Phil said. "So I decided to go back to New York, where people do such prosaic things as offering me jobs and expecting me to work."

The trip back to Broadway never came off. It was at this time that Charlie Foy opened a night club outside of Hollywood and asked Phil to be the main entertainer. Foy could pay no salary, but Phil could take a share of the business.

So many producers came nightly to see Phil Silvers perform that his share of the receipts was as big as any movie salary he could have made. But still no one offered him a part in a picture.

"The funny part about the whole thing," said Phil, "is that I am the only one who realises now how right they were in not casting me before they did."

"The year or more of work in benefits and at Charlie Foy's gave me an entirely new professional life. I had never done that type of comedy before. I worked out routines and a brand-new style that is now the basis of everything I do in pictures."

Phil hasn't given up his outside, free work. Every week-end, and in free time between pictures, Phil is part of an inseparable trio, with Bing Crosby and Rags Ragland, which makes the rounds of Army camps, entertaining the boys. Since the war began the pre-war Hollywood benefit has given way to this type of extra-curricular entertainment, and Phil is doing all of it that he possibly can.

"I have just gone through another period of learning that a kick in the pants is the mother of invention," Phil said.

"For the last couple of years producers have been trying to convince me that I ought to learn to do dance routines in pictures. I fought it until Rita Hayworth and Gene Kelly cajoled me into letting them teach me to dance."

The result of that course by coercion is that Phil does three dance routines—his first attempt at that art—in "Cover Girl."

After the last routine was filmed, Rita Hayworth and Gene Kelly each received a beautifully wrapped package containing a piece of lead and a note from Phil, reading, "In appreciation of what you have done for me, here is the lead you took out of my anatomy."

## Alex Cracks

A certain lift-boy in one of the big stores hated to be asked needless questions. One day a rather fussy old lady entered the lift.

"Don't you ever feel sick, going up and down in this lift all day?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy.

"Is it the motion going up?"

"No, ma'am."

"Is it the motion going down?"

"No, ma'am."

"Is it the stopping that does it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then, what is it?"

"Answering questions, ma'am."

The young exquisite was just about to make a start in business.

"I suppose," he drawled, "you'll pay me what I'm worth?"

"Better than that," said the head of the firm, "we'll even give you a small salary."



# Good Morning

Who's this — a famed Hollywood star? No, you're mistaken. It's Olive Lurton, a London A.R.P. worker who also teaches ballet. Here she is, taking a breather after a spell at lending a hand in Surrey.



"It's funny, every time I pull this blamed string, I seem to get kicked in the pants, or certainly hit in the rear."

## This England

On the sweep of the Sussex Downs, now fully won over in the Battle of the Land. A reaper at work cutting oats above Chagford Village.



### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"That's the kind of hold-up I like."



"Hey, raise your little finger higher, Mom, you're tickling my fifth rib."